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earlier motto, "Do all I don't want to do," leads to a very wearing "notion of accountability to everybody and everything," but she is presently found writing a composition on the right to go to parties while yet at school. Though reprimanded by her instructors she was unchanged; she "openly declared her belief in the German as preferable, in its effect upon the character, to the study of mathematics or historical dates. Boys were not dangerous, she argued, and there was no harm in accidentally meeting them in the recess; they did not divert the mind from lessons, but acted as stimuli." When it is suggested by the lady principal that she will enjoy life better if she waits till she is older and knows more, Olive retorts: "I don't care to know a great deal. I rather know how to make the most of a little. I want to be happy instead of being ambitious." Miss Curtis is introduced to us as an irritable and irritating spinster of fortune, fond of experimenting on people; once she proposed to invite poor children to her house and leave things about to see if they would steal, a scheme prevented by Olive's brother sending her a cream cake stuffed with red pepper, having a grievance of his own to satisfy. Miss Curtis fixes the remnant of her once disappointed affections on Olive, on whom also are set the dutiful inclinations which perform the part of affections in the breast of a young minister fresh from the neighboring Divinity School. This Rev. Mr. Kimen, who "had become that uncomfortable product of himself, a dead-in-earnest man," was anxious that Olive should "develop properly." (He had no idea what he meant, but the phrase strengthened his desire.) Once, when on their way to church, he ventured to intimate that his sermon might help her. Olive answered—"You think sermons reach us girls! It is partly so, but it is more the 'extempore listening' we do, as Mr. Fordher calls it. Some sentence hits us and off we go on our own thoughts, which are like small shot in the way they take the conceit out of us." And when Mr. Kimen asks the use of ministers, "Use?" she exclaimed. "Why, a real minister, who is better than we are, who is elegant and powerful in his manners, and who has got the soul of the world in him, and can bear the burden of the nations, and take it away like the paschal lamb from wearing out the rest of us,—why, he is like Browning and the Bible put together, and we grow better every minute, and —." She paused, for they were near the church door. Mr. Kimen's church bells never celebrate his nuptials with Olive, the story having indeed other aims than to follow any character to commonplace felicities. It turns out that Miss Curtis had inherited a fortune from her father in a certain village which was aggrieved that the money had not been left to its charities and institutions. The lady, however, proves in the end to be a very good institution to them, with the help of her friend Olive, and the "sketch," as it is modestly called, passes into a pretty and pathetic New England idyll. The village "Baptism," in the river; the "Candy-pull," and other scenes are described with delicate art. Mrs. Wells has put some terse phrases in the mouths of her select circle which deserve to become proverbial; and indeed she may be fairly congratulated on the truth and beauty of this her first venture in the field of imaginative art.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. VAN DYKE'S "Principles of Art"* is a concise, readable presentation of a subject not too often treated acceptably. The first section, which is classified as Art in History, might well be termed a History of Art. The attempt to introduce

*"Principles of Art: Part I., Art in History; Part II., Art in Theory." By John C. Van Dyke, Librarian of the Sage College, New Brunswick, N. J. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

a mass of historical matter gives one the impression that the author knows quite as much of history as of art, and weighs somewhat heavily on the general theme. Many well-worn topics are unnecessarily elaborated, yet, on the whole, the book is of considerable value, and sufficiently comprehensive to satisfy any but a very profound investigator. An excellent index of the old-fashioned, particular sort, makes the volume a handy book of reference for the busy art student.

If the word poetry be employed in its correct sense as rythmical, metrical, having true poetic essence, and addressed to the feelings, very little of Mr. Stevenson's verse can be regarded as poetry. A vigorous writer of fiction and delightful essayist is not, of necessity, a first-class poet. Of the half hundred selections in this pretty volume, * the last sixteen are in the Scotch dialect, mildly imitative of Burns, though doubtless not by design, and of the others, many are addressed to persons. The language is often very choice and true poetic feeling is by no means wanting. But what shall be said of the poetry of such lines as the following, easily selected at random :

" Out in the city, sounds begins,
Thank the kind God, *the carts come in.*"

" Dear Andrew of the *brindled* hair
Who glory to have thrown in air
The trembling reed."

True, Macbeth's witch uses this adjective, but with a difference : " Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed."

What shall be said of this same Andrew "*endowed* (by the Creator) with inkpot and with rod."

Of the "ink," which, by strained metonymy, "*sings of Helicon.*"

Of the "strenuous family, which dusted from its hands the sand of granite" preparatory to emigration.

Or of the metre and rhythm of these lines :

" So went the fiat forth, and so
Garrulous like a brook you go."

" My fancy soars like to a kite
And faints in the blue infinite."

" Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve."

These are a few of the many metrical, rythmical, and grammatical errors strewn thickly through the book, which even the broad mantle of poetic license fails to cover. There are dainty fancies and pleasant lines in this book, but at present we hesitate to accord him a high place among the tuneful brethren.

A little volume† from the pen of a less noted author contains some genuine poetry. Some of it is rugged and obscure, possibly because the poet essays a

* " Underwoods." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chas. Scribner's Sons

† " Poems." By David Atwood Wasson. Lee & Shepard.

flight beyond his powers, yet the struggles are plainly seen and one feels that in time, they might have ended in victory. The sonnets and briefer poems are superior to those of greater length, and many of them, especially those pertaining to nature, evince the poet's deep insight into the meaning of creation, and breathe the true poetic fervor. Of especial excellence are the two semi-metaphysical, yet wholly human, conceptions entitled "All's Well" and "Seen and Unseen," the former of which had a place in Emerson's "Parnassus."

The hand that penned these verses has finished its work, and the collection, from various papers and magazines, was entrusted to a friend who sends them forth in dainty form and with an appreciative preface.

Whether Mr. Stevenson writes* of college days, the characteristics of the canine race, recollections of an old graveyard, or the latest French novel, he is always graceful, original, and vivacious. Many of the essays in his latest volume are autobiographical in their character, while the subjects of others are drawn from such a variety of sources as to render classification difficult. In the "Foreigner at Home" he aims a square blow at Mr. Grant White for his inexcusable Yankee provincialism, while admitting "the grand, tree-like self-sufficiency" of the Englishman. The sketch of his early literary attempts is both entertaining and instructive, and introduces us to a man whose acquaintance we are glad to make. He found diaries "a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception," and gave himself to writing descriptions, dramatic dialogues, and "innumerable gouty-footed lyrics." A delicious account is given of a college magazine, to whose editorship he was invited by three distinguished and revered students, and which lived to see three or four numbers. The first copy, submitted to the lady of his heart, was passed over by her in silence, and he professes that he always thereafter had increased respect for her taste. The essay on "Talk and Talkers" is somewhat Emersonian in style, while others remind one of Lamb's happier moods. In writing of subjects for conversation, he wittily says, "No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature. . . . The weather, the dramatic element in scenery, is far more human, both in import and suggestion, than the stable features of the landscape." Mr. Stevenson often wanders away from the track in which he started, but his detours are always pleasantly suggestive; the return path has a certain bright ease which charms and refreshes, and his well-rounded closing periods more than make amends for minor delinquencies.

Less delicate in expression and choice of subject, yet similar in general effect, is the "Virginibus Puerisque" by the same author. His fancy trips rather too lightly over serious themes, his premises are not always correct, hence the conclusions fall short of exactness. Yet there is a vivacity and freshness in these minor sketches which will charm away many a pleasant hour. The author confesses that only a portion of the volume answers to the long projected title, and that whereas he began to write as the *Advocatus Juventutis*, age crept on apace, the old ruddy convictions of youth deserted him, and not being able to remain forever at twenty-five, "the shade of the prison house has fallen" over the latter portion of his work.

When a busy physician, whose mind is supposed to be saturated with drugs and hardened with plasters, indulges in fiction, we have come to expect something excellent. Dr. Weir Mitchell,† who has so well met this expectation in "Hepzibah

* "Memories and Portraits." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "Prince Little Boy and Other Tales out of Fairy Land." By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Guinness" and "In War Time," now puts on his thinking cap and tells a series of funny fairy stories to the children, and names it "Prince Little Boy." They are not just like any other fairy stories, except that the scheme whereby Fuz-Buz, the captive fly, and a Spanish fly at that, tells stories for his life to Mrs. Spider Grabem and her voracious offspring reminds us of the plot of the "Arabian Nights." The Trained Bear, returning to his forest life and astonishing his friends by his tricks, Prince Lazy Bones and his Peck of Troubles, which he tries to lose; the Wolf that Wanted a Doctor, and the Great Giant Smokey-Pokey, with a half dozen others, furnish whimsical themes for the amusing and bright little stories which all wide-awake boys and girls will thoroughly enjoy.

Of the many contributions to Shakespearean literature, some aim to display the author's erudition, others are mere *replicas* of the text with obvious annotations, while still others enable us to gain a clear insight into the world of Shakespeare's fancy and sensibly broaden our comprehension of his work. To the latter class emphatically belongs the compact little volume of Lowell Institute lectures,* seven in number, which were delivered in Boston by Mr. Henry Giles, some years ago, on "Human Life in Shakespeare." These are now reprinted with an introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly, and will be heartily welcomed by all lovers of Shakespearean study. The topics treated are "The Growing and Perpetual influence of Shakespeare"; "Human Life in Shakespeare"; "Man and Woman in Shakespeare"; "Shakespeare's Comic Power, his Tragic Power, and his Personality." The lectures possess intrinsic value for their enunciation of the principles by which creative effort should be estimated, no less than for the appreciative perception of the inner life, the methods and motives of the great poet. By careful study of Stratford in its industries, institutions, and general conditions, Mr. Giles has evolved for us a real personality, a substantial and satisfactory citizen, instead of the shadowy and unreal Shakespeare of the popular fancy. We cannot too highly commend these valuable and delightful lectures, which were so popular at the time of their delivery that they were repeated each day to accommodate the overflowing audiences. They are not too abstruse for younger readers nor too simple for the learned, and this universality of interest doubtless arises from the permeating influence of the subject.

A volume of essays and sketches† from Mr. Scudder's pen promises an agreeable literary repast, with some of the substantial as well as the delicacies of such a banquet. There are a dozen brief sketchy chapters about Elisha Mulford, Dr. Muhlenberg, F. D. Maurice, Emerson, and Anne Gilchrist and others, which contain discriminating analyses of character and of literary effort. Some of these are brightened by personal reminiscences, one of which we quote from the chapter on Elisha Mulford: "At the end of an evening, when one was laying aside books and papers, a ring at the bell would announce a caller. Enter Mulford, very doubtful about putting aside his hat and coat: he had come in merely for a moment; he could not stay. Then one would put more wood on the fire and settled one's self to that three or four hours' talk which was sure to follow, with good byes at last under the stars at midnight that seemed nearer than before." Longfellow and his Art are ably discussed, and the anatomy of "Excelsior" is

* "Human Life in Shakespeare." By Henry Giles. With Introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly. Lee and Shepard, Boston, and Chas. T. Dillingham, N. Y.

† "Men and Letters. Essays in Characterization and Criticism." By Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

revealed in a study of two drafts of the poem, with corrections as they came from the hand of the poet, which are found in the Harvard College Library. Other very readable and carefully written essays fill out the volume, and Mr. Scudder may feel assured that whenever he sees fit to "come out into the light" and suffers "the ghostly voice to become articulate," his thought will find ready acceptance and appreciation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Men and Letters: Essays in Characterization and Criticism. Horace E. Scudder.

Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters. John Bach McMaster.

Patrick Henry. Moses Coit Tyler.

D. Appleton & Co.

The Divine Man: from the Nativity to the Temptation. George Dana Boardman.

The Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier. George S. Boutwell.

Weather. A Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day. Hon. Ralph Abercromby.

Little Peter. A Christmas Morality for Children of any age. Lucas Mallet.

Ticknor & Co.

The New Astronomy. Samuel Pierpoint Langley, Ph.D., LL.D.

Chain, Hardy & Co.

Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado. L. B. France.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Life of George Washington Studied Anew. Edward Everett Hale.

The Story of Ireland. Hon. Emily Lawler, with some additions by Mrs. Arthur Bronson.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

A Russian Proprietor and other Stories. Count Lyof N. Tolstoi.

The Vagrant and other Tales. Vladimir Korolénko. Translated from the Russian by Mrs. Aline Delano.

Woman's Temperance Pub. Association.

Boys and Other Boys. Lucy A. Scott.

Riverside Press.

Gravitation, the Determining Force. E. S. Chapin.

M. T. Wynne.

How to Paint Tapestry. M. T. Wynne.

Samuel Huebsch.

Volapük. A Guide for Learning the Universal Language. S. Huebsch.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Funk & Wagnalls.

The Works of William Shakespeare, in reduced fac-simile from the famous first folio edition of 1623.